

peace! (He stalks out. Mr. Van Daan, still in underwear and trousers, comes down the stairs to u. c.)

MR. VAN DAAN. What is it? What happened?

MR. DUSSEL. A nightmare. She was having a nightmare!

MR. VAN DAAN. I thought someone was murdering her.

MR. DUSSEL. Unfortunately, no. (He goes into the bathroom. Mr. Van Daan goes back up the stairs, explaining all to his wife who waits fearfully. Mr. Frank comes into the Center room.)

MR. FRANK. Thank you, Peter. Go back to bed. (Peter goes back to his room. Mr. Frank follows him, turning out the light and looking out of the window. Site L17. Peter's lamp—Frank. Then he goes back to the Center room, and gets up on the stool, turning off the c. hanging lamp. Peter takes down his blackout curtain, looks for planes a while, then lies down on his bed in his dark robe. Margot sits on her bed. Site L18. Hanging lamp—Frank.)

MRS. FRANK. (To Anne, through the above action.) Would you like some water? (Anne shakes her head.) Was it a very bad dream? Perhaps if you told me . . . ?

ANNE. I'd rather not talk about it.

MRS. FRANK. Poor darling. Try to sleep then. I'll sit right here beside you until you fall asleep. (She brings the stool from the dressing table to Anne's bed.)

ANNE. You don't have to.

MRS. FRANK. But I'd like to stay with you . . . very much. Really.

ANNE. I'd rather you didn't. (In the Center room Mr. Frank returns to his bed, stands listening to the planes for a moment, then sits on the upstage end of the bed.)

MRS. FRANK. Good night, then. (She leans down to kiss Anne. Anne puts her arm across her face and turns away. Mrs. Frank tries not to show her hurt. She kisses Anne's arm instead.) You'll be all right? There's nothing that you want?

ANNE. Will you please ask Father to come.

MRS. FRANK. (After a second.) Of course, Anne dear. (She hurries into the Center room fighting back her tears. Passing Mr. Frank, she ends c., below the table. In the Attic, Mr. Van Daan turns off the light and they settle down. L 19. Attic off. The planes fade away in the distance.) She wants you.

MR. FRANK. (Sensing her hurt, he goes to her.) Edith, dear!

MRS. FRANK. It's all right. I thank God that at least she will

turn to you when she needs comfort. Go to her, Otto. She is still shaking with fear. (As Mr. Frank hesitates.) Go to her. (Mr. Frank looks at Mrs. Frank for a second as she moves toward the bed. Then he crosses L. and up to the shelves. He gets a pill from a bottle there and a cup. He goes to the sink for water. Mrs. Frank sits on the foot of her bed trying to keep from sobbing aloud. Margot comes to her, sits by her and puts her arms around her.) She wants nothing of me. She pulled away when I leaned down to kiss her.

MARGOT. It's a phase. . . . You heard Father. . . . Most girls go through it . . . they turn to their fathers at this age . . . they give all their love to their fathers.

MRS. FRANK. You don't like this. You didn't shut me out.

MARGOT. She'll **Start** (Mr. Frank enters Anne's room, pulls the stool aside and places the cup on it. As he goes to Anne she sits up and flings her arms around him, clinging to him. In the Center room Margot takes the shawl from her mother, smooths the bed, and Mrs. Frank lies down. Margot sits beside her a moment, comforting her.)

ANNE. (During this—to Mr. Frank.) Oh, Pim. I dreamed that they came to get us! The Green Police! They broke down the door and grabbed me and started to drag me out the way they did Jopie.

MR. FRANK. I want you to take this pill.

ANNE. What is it?

MR. FRANK. (Give standby for L21. As Margot rises.) Something to quiet you. (She takes it and drinks the water.) Do you want me to read to you for a while?

ANNE. No. Just sit with me for a minute. (He sits on the edge of the bed beside her, replaces cup on stool.) Was I awful? Did I yell terribly loud? Do you think anyone outside could have heard? (Margot turns off the lamp in the Center room and goes back to her bed.)

MR. FRANK. (Site L21. Boy Blue off—Margot.) No. No. Lie quietly now. Try to sleep.

ANNE. (She lies back, still overwrought.) I'm a terrible coward. I'm so disappointed in myself. I think I've conquered my fear . . . I think I'm really grown up . . . and then something happens . . . and I run to you like a baby. . . . I love you, Father. I don't love anyone but you.

MR. FRANK. (Reproachfully.) Anneline!

ANNE. (*Pushing herself up on her elbows.*) It's true. I've been thinking about it for a long time. You're the only one I love.

MR. FRANK. It's fine to hear you tell me that you love me. But I'd be much happier if you said you loved your mother as well. . . . She needs your help so much . . . your love . . .

ANNE. We have nothing in common. She doesn't understand me. Whenever I try to explain my views on life to her she asks me if I'm constipated. (*She falls back. Warn change L22 S21.*)

MR. FRANK. You hurt her very much just now. She's crying. She's in there crying. (*Curtain light on.*)

ANNE. I can't help it. I only told the truth. I didn't want her here. . . . (*Then, with sudden remorse, she sits up and clings to him again.*) Oh, Pim, I was horrible, wasn't I? And the worst of it is, I can stand off and look at myself doing it and know it's cruel and yet I can't stop doing it. What's the matter with me? Tell me. Don't say it's just a phase! Help me.

MR. FRANK. There is so little that we parents can do to help our children. We can only try to set a good example . . . point the way. The rest you must do yourself. You must build your own character.

ANNE. I'm trying. Really I am. (*She lies back again more relaxed.*) Every night before I go to sleep I think back over all of the things I did that day that were wrong . . . like putting the wet mop in Mr. Dussel's bed . . . and this thing now with Mother. I say to myself, that was wrong. I make up my mind, I'm never going to do that again. Never! Of course I may do something worse, but at least I'll never do that again! (*The medicine begins its work. As she talks she becomes relaxed, drowsy.*) I have a nicer side, Father . . . a sweeter, nicer side. But I'm scared to show it. I'm afraid that people are going to laugh at me if I'm serious. So the mean Anne comes to the outside and the good Anne stays on the inside and I keep on trying to switch them around and have the good Anne outside and the bad Anne inside and be what I'd like to be . . . and might be . . . if only . . . only . . . (*She is asleep. Mr. Frank rises quietly, places the cup on the dressing table and goes to the door. He turns to look at her once more, then turns out the light. Mrs. Frank sits up as he enters the Center room and the scene lights fade slowly as he comes to her. The black drop is brought in and we hear Anne's voice fading slowly in. Site—bumps dim. Drop in. Work light on. Curtain light on.*)

ANNE'S VOICE. . . . the air raids are getting worse. They come over day and night. The noise is terrifying. Pim says it should be music to our ears. The more planes, the sooner will come the end of the war. Mrs. Van Daan pretends to be a fatalist. What will be, will be. But when the planes come over, who is the most frightened? No one else but Petronella! . . . Monday, the ninth of November, nineteen forty-two. Wonderful news. The Allies have landed in Africa. Pim says that we can look for an early finish to the war. Just for fun he asked each of us what was the first thing we wanted to do when we got out of here. Mrs. Van Daan longs to be home with her own things, her needlepoint chairs, the Beckstein piano her father gave her . . . the best that money could buy. Peter would like to go to a movie. Mr. Dussel wants to get back to his dentist's drill. He's afraid he is losing his touch. For myself, there are so many things . . . to ride a bike again . . . to laugh till my belly aches . . . to have new clothes from the skin out. . . . (*Work light off. Drop out. Scene lights begin to fade in. Voice begins to fade out.*) . . . to have a hot tub filled to overflowing and wallow in it for hours . . . to be back in school with my friends . . . (*Dim slow. Voice out. Lights three-quarters full and rising.*)

ACT I

SCENE 5

Stage L. Weak whistles on rise. [Sound Cue 19.]

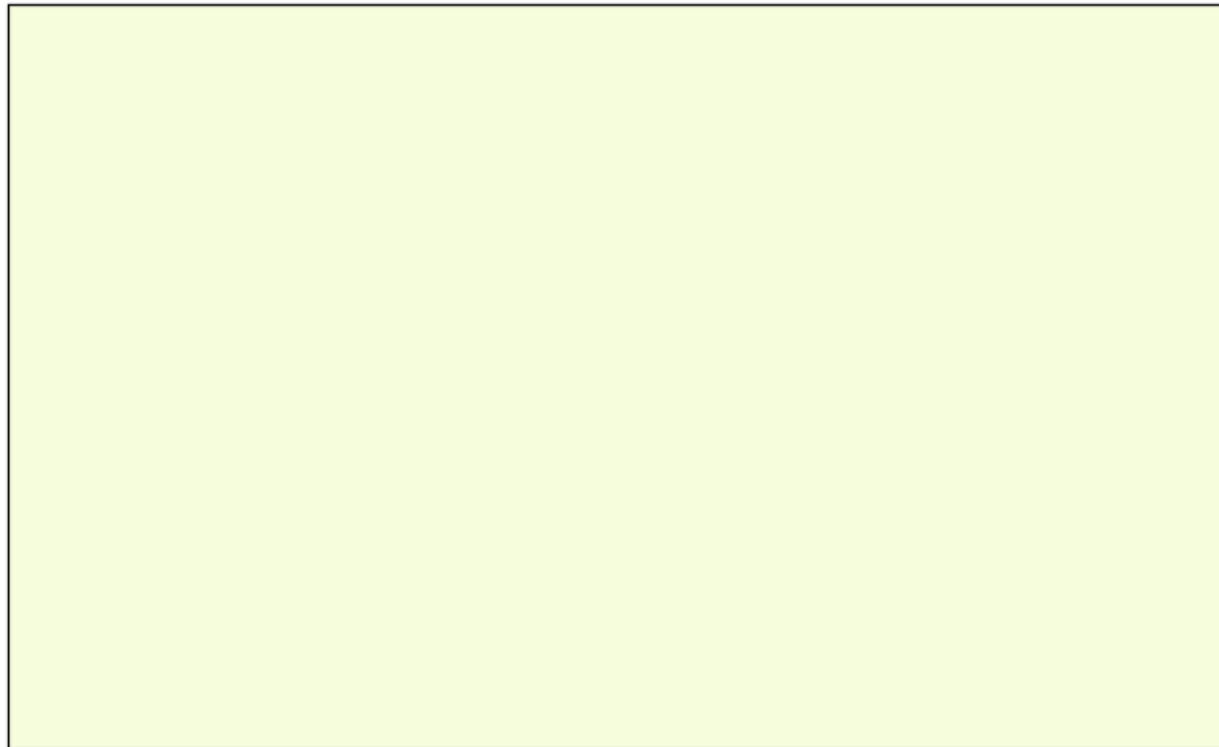
SCENE: It is the first night of the Hanukkah celebration in December of that year, 1942. The c. table, with the lamp table to extend its length, has been placed in front of the couch. A tablecloth covers this and is set with a small bowl of sliced apples and walnuts, a small decanter of wine and a pitcher of water.

Downstage of the couch Peter sits on the stool from Anne's room. Mrs. Van Daan is on the downstage end of the couch, Mr. Van Daan sits in the center, Mrs. Frank above. Mr. Frank stands at the upstage end of the table. An armchair is at his place. Margot sits in a straight

Set / Furniture Plan

Draw, below, the "set" you plan to use for your scene.

SR



SL

Downstage